

Roguish Ends
Book of Lost Rogues
Presents
Party of One
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with
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The small beast-hunter ship rode the waves like a leaf on the back of a raging rhino. Despite the giant tooth-filled jawbone strapped to the bow to make it look monstrous in its own right against the mountainous black sea and the jagged rocks of the shores of Wilderheart, the ship might as well have been a child's toy.

"The waves they rage, the beast it seeths, its call defies the eleven seas! And yet our heroes rise to save the day," Eeynore, the Bard, sang from the deck of the "S.S. Merciless" stopping between verses for his mouth full of rain. But he would not be stopped. He had been paid to make a song about the day's epic hunt, and he would do it even in the peak of a hurricane.

"Fallen Kingdoms of Argon, is this really necessary?" Ardelia the barbarian, scoffed. She had finally lassoed the anchor chain around the mouth of their target, the Sonaran Sea Snake, and was preoccupied with tying the other end to the mast to keep it from running.

"His deposit is nonrefundable. He insisted on being here to portray the scene accurately!" Nick, the group's fearless leader, screamed against the storm as he tried to ready his arrow.

"But all his incessant squawking. It makes it hard to concentrate." Ardelia stepped on the chain with her tree trunk-sized leg. Normally her bare massive thighs and colossal ass were an inviting, if not overwhelming, landscape of glistening mocha curves. But when she put them to work, using her full strength, they were nothing but intimidating walls of flexing muscles.

"The mammoth madam of size and class, with feats of strength that almost rival her—" The ending caught in his throat when Ardelia gave him a death stare. Then she sent a second one to Nick.

"Granted, I didn't realize he would be singing during the danger..." Nick had finally lined up his shot, the arrowhead sparking with electrical power. He drew back the drawstring of his bow and-

BOOM!

The ship collided with one of the rocks, sending everyone to the deck floor. The magic arrow sailed up into the clouds, and from it lightning spread like veins from the sky. "Damnit, I only

have three of those!” The Sea Snake had dove back beneath the waves, its mouth still wrapped in chains, and good thing too. Its most dangerous weapon was the sonic sound wave it could emit with its scream. “I thought the point of having a Gnome Up-graded steamship was better control on the waves!”

“Doesn’t do much good with the whole crew dead.” Gelgin the Troll Rogue quipped.

“Elora, why didn’t you keep them alive?” Nick called to the back of the ship.

A tall, Elvish woman scantily clad marched forward, hefty lavender tits swaying back and forth in the rain. “How am I supposed to keep both you AND the crew alive, hmm? I’m a Lunar Elf Priestess, not a miracle worker. You want to heal a team of over 5 people, hire more healers!” In the background, Eeynore began to sing about bountiful bosoms on the bounty main. “Also maybe don’t have bards singing about my tits when I’m trying to concentrate.” She rolled her eyes as she sealed some gashes on Ardelia the Barbarian’s back. “We have a necromancer, ask him to get the sailors back up and running!”

“Ah Yeez. Do zees FrancUnShwine. To zat! Just create a whole undead marrytime academy, ja? I didn’t capture zere souls so I’d have to pupper all of zem!” The pail, undead necro-ologist licked one of his tusks as he hobbled across the ship, smashing a vile and muttering curses at each dead sailor’s corpse. Possibly as part of the ritual to make them rise, or just because he was pissed off at the extra work had been lumped on him.

“Elora the elf and her mystic ways, the undead doc an abomination among men,
The whole mighty team will be victorious today, led by their leader Nick the Human.”

“Gah I hate that name. We don’t need to immortalize it in song! How did I even get that name?” Nick growled, looking over the rail at where the chain swirled in the deep.

“Well we all had our names when we signed up for your new team, and as you were the only human on the team...” Gelgin snickered.

“So you put my title down as Nick ‘the human’. What about Ardelia? Barbarians are a human culture.”

“Uh-uh buddy, I’m half-giant.” Ardelia corrected as she tried to pull the sea snake up out of the waves by the chain.

“Well, Doctor Frankenswine-”

“It’s Franc-UND-SHWine...” The Necromancer growled “-and typically humans count the undead as inhuman. Very xenophobic if you ask me. Zo I did rebuild myself with 40% Bramble Boar.” The undead sailors were beginning to stir and cough up green smoke.

“Okay, but just because I’m the only human doesn’t mean I should have the title ‘THE human.’ It’s not like you all are going to forget what I am.” Nick grimaced and wiped the rain from his brow.

“Not Nick the brave, nor Nick the quick is his brand. Burdened with a name he cannot staaaaaand!” The bard sang so high his voice began to crack.

“Dear god ok I agree!” The party leader raised his hands at the horrible verse being sung about him. “Can someone tell the bard to shut the hell -”

BOOM! SPLAT!

Where the bard had been standing, there was now a blob of former musician under the gigantic tail of the Sonaran Sea Snake. “Um, No vun wants me to bring him back to life, ja?” FrancUnSchwine looked around to his party members. “He was almost as useless as our troll rogue!”

“Excuse me you rotted piece of man ham! It was my job to sneak us on the boat! That was very important!” Gellgin spit through he troll tusks. “This is your part now. Unless you want me to take my little daggers and poke the thing to death.”

“Would be better than what you are doing now, staring in my cleavage while i try to keep everyone alive. Pervert...” Elora the Lunar Elf rolled her eyes as she poked the bard’s squashed body with her staff. “Yeah, no healing that...”

“Everyone focus and attack the tail!” Nick commanded. As everyone moved in, minus Ardelia who was holding the chain to the mast, and Eeynore, who was a smear on the deck of the boat, the tail reacted, curling around FrancUnSchwine’s legs and lifted him into the air. “See! This is why we need to focus!” He drew is second lightning arrow, aimed, and sent it flying into the monster’s tail. On impact, lightning was summoned from the clouds and multiple bolts zapped the tail, blowing it open til it was charred bone and sizzling fish.

“AgAgagAGagGA!” Screamed FrancUnShwine is through the cracks of thunder, the tail flinging him into the storm.

“Does anyone else smell fresh bacon?” Elgin asked.

“Find our necromancer quickly! Without him the undead sailors might-” a blade was shoved into Nick’s side. “-hnnng can I get one direction out to my team without being interrupted!?” The knife was being weilded by a former sailor turned wheezing mindless killer zombie.

“Back off, you corpse raisin!” Ardelia grabbed the shriveled sailor and tossed him twenty feet into the air and overboard. “Damn things are crawling all over the ship.” She hoisted a giant hammer and started swatting the soggy undead like flies.

“I swear, can we just kill the damn thing already. It’s freezing out here.” Elora shoved her purple elvish fingers into Nick’s stab wound, letting her healing powers flow into him while he bent over in pain, face inches from her violet voluptuous tits.

“Maybe you’d be less cold if you wore something more than lingerie!”

“It’s my culture, and eyes up here, Nick the human!” The two stopped their bickering as a rumbling growl could be heard beneath the ship. “Is that a rock?” The lunar elf asked their team leader, eyes a little panicked. The chain tied to the mast began to pull tight, the bombshell barbarian too busy bucking the last of the undead of the boat with hip checks from her colossal rear to notice her mistake. With another growl from the depth, the chain snapped tight, breaking the mast like a twig. “Ah shit!” Was all Elora could get out before the mast crashed down on her and Nick. Her last minute protective aura bubbled around them, holding the weight of the sails and broken mast inches above their head. “Mana... I...I need mana.” The elf begged, looking exhausted.

“Oh fuck I’m so sorry guys! I got caught up!” Ardelia staggered her way over to the mast, wobbling with each unsteady step on the shuddering ship. The powerful barbarian was able to push the wreckage off her team just as Elora’s shield failed.

Nick had had enough. “I got one arrow left, team, it’s time to end this blubber-filled bastard and get paid. We’ve had a hard go at this, but if we all ban together, we can-” He stopped as his team, Gilgen the Troll, Elora the Elf, and Ardelia the Barbarian all pointed together to something behind him, in front of the ship. Backlit by lightning, the head of the sea serpent had reared up out of the chaotic waves, blue energy building from its gills as the chain slid off its nose into the sea. “Shit” Nick drew his arrow and shot, but it was too late. The Sonaran Sea Snake let loose a shock wave of a scream. It turned the arrow to splinters, blew the ship into pieces floating through the sky like leaves in a tornado, and Nick the Human’s last thought before being obliterated by the sound wave was, “We are not surviving this shit.”

He was right, sort of...